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ACT I.—A French cafe—"Cigars, beer, ham sandwiches!"—The man with the toothache—Mrs. Johnson, who has "smelled a mouse," in search of her husband, who finds it difficult to love only one woman—Adonis Montague, the 14th street masher—Mr. Johnson flirts with the veiled lady—Lifts the veil, "my wife!"—The agreement, "a tooth for a tooth, an eye for an eye." "If I catch you, look out!"—Mr. Johnson waiting for Evelena, is discovered by Mrs. Johnson—"Caught!"—"Remember the agreement!"—Mr. Johnson's horror of what his wife may do, as she is a French woman—The assistance of Montague, etc.

ACT II.—Home of Mr. Johnson—Return of Mrs. Johnson, a desperate woman—Mr. Johnson's arrival with peace offerings—"Nothing but a full confession."—His confession—"She was only a pock-marked music scholar," and swears they only got as far as "do, re, me, fa, sol, la, si, do, do, si, la, sol, fa, me, re, do."—A cyclone in the bedroom—Adonis Montague arouses Mr. Johnson's jealousy—Medical students arrive—"Mr. Johnson!"—"Scoot, brother, scoot!"—Mr. Johnson locks his wife in the house, not aware of the students being hid in the rooms, and departs for the ball, as he leads the orchestra—Mrs. Johnson and students escape through window and start for the ball.

ACT III.—Dr. Boliver's ball—A mistake of Flip's, the usher. Arrival of Mrs. Don't-bother-me, New York Clipper and the Watermellon brothers—The dance—Mr. Johnson recognizes Mrs. Don't-bother-me as his wife—"No more music unless she stops dancing!" She does not know that "shabby fiddler"—"Put him out, he is drunk!"—Out he goes—Return of Mr. Johnson disguised as a waiter—The threat—Mrs. Johnson angry and decides to run away—Mr. Johnson relates a funny story of a repentant lobster—He attempts suicide—He is forgiven—Advice of a repentant lobster.

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ACT I.—SCENE 1st.—Home of Fred Grover—Priscilla, Fred's old maid sister—Fred's return from the South—His present to Priscilla, of Gyp, a "little nigger"—Gyp dances—Millie's horror of slavery—Gyp's happiness—Song and dance.

ACT II.—SCENE 1st.—News of cousin Charlie, an old lover of Millie's—Gyp and Siah's soda water, an amusing scene—Priscilla, her horror of being kissed by "a man"—Millie vindicates herself by revealing the secret of her life to Charlie, which is heard by Daville—Gyp—Meeting of Millie and Daville—Daville reveals Millie's secret to Isadore, his betrothed—Comic scene between Gyp and Siah.

ACT III.—SCENE 1st.—Evil designs of Daville and Isadore—Millie, the child of old Harriet, the slave—Meeting of Isadore and Harriet, her threat, "You are my child"—Isadore attempts her murder by pushing her over the cliff; she is rescued by Daville—Isadore reveals her love for Fred, which Millie and Charlie overhear—Millie's anguish and final blow—"No wife, a slave!"—Quarrel of Daville and Charlie—Isadore's search for the body of old Harriet. SCENE 2d.—Escape of Charlie—A piece of Priscilla's mind—Her promise to Millie—Oath of Isadore—Millie's flight. SCENE 3d.—Daville gives an account of the shooting and supposed flight of Millie with Charlie—Priscilla on her mettle—Supposed suicide of Millie—A LAPSE OF SEVEN YEARS.

ACT IV.—SCENE 1st.—Daville accuses Isadore, now Mrs. Grover, of Harriet's murder—Millie, as Sister Agnes, the French governess—Return of Charlie—Fred's anger and Priscilla's interference. SCENE 2d.—Charlie disguised as old Nathan—Millie's letter found which explains her flight—Fred's remorse—Daville and Isadore recognize Millie—Their plot against her discovered by old Nathan.

ACT V.—SCENE 1st.—Southern Plantation—Priscilla discovers Sister Agnes, as Millie—Her anger at being kissed by a nigger—Daville threatens Isadore with slavery—Attempted murder of Priscilla—Scene between Gyp and Siah. SCENE 2d.—Millie a slave—Daville offers her marriage—Millie tied to the whipping post—Her rescue by Gyp. SCENE 3d.—Millie and Gyp in the swamp—Attempted capture—Rescued by Charlie—Old Harriet clears the mystery of Millie and Isadore's birth—"There is but one way left, death"—Arrest of Daville—Death of Charlie—Reconciliation of Fred and Millie, who is freed from bondage.

"Honorable William Wirt. His theme was "Woman's Influence," and nobly did he prove its might and power. The entire auditory hung with rapt delight on the truthful, earnest and impassioned sentiments of the gifted orator.

ELLEN. I felt certain that he would rise superior to the fell custom that held him in bondage. Hand me the paper, mother. *(she does so)*
Knocking R. Mrs. M. opens the door

Enter JULIA MELVILLE, R.

JULIA. Dear Mrs. Mortimer, and Ellen—the traveller is once more home. I only arrived yesterday, and my first visit is to my best, my girlhood's dearest friend.

MRS. M. and ELLEN. Welcome, dear Julia.

ELLEN. I'll give thee a double welcome—for myself, and one whose name I'll not pronounce, as I every moment look for him here to speak for himself.

JUL. Nay, Ellen—

ELLEN. Nay, blush not. I know he loves thee, Julia, and he is worthy e'en as fair a flower. My loved childhood's friend, may I not anticipate a closer bond of union betwixt us twain—yes, I'll call thee Julia—sister—friend.

MRS. M. Ellen is overhappy to-day, and needs must show her joy in hearted praise of those so dear in her love-list.

JULIA. Let me look at the paper you have in your hand. *(takes paper)* I need not read it aloud, for Ellen's tell-tale face, proclaims that she has heard how all our little world acknowledges, and proudly bows to woman's influence. I am no witch, but rumors are rife that a fair maiden who lives not far from this, has cause to bless the hour when woman's love was man's redemption. Ellen, he has arrived—we came on the same train yesterday, and were I an artist, I could paint you the picture of a heroine, whose noble self-abnegation, gave birth to the matchless delineation of woman's influence so faintly described in the little article I here behold. You know I am frankness itself. I'll tell you why, ere fully rested, I flew to meet and congratulate you. Last evening two happy cavaliers and one merry girl passed a pleasant hour together, and then adjourned to meet this evening, even here. I am first in the field, and must presume my love outweighs theirs, unless they follow soon. *(bell rings, L.)*

MRS. M. Ah, they are here, already.

Enter CHARLES and WIRT, L.

MRS. M. Welcome, my friend. We have long looked for this pleasure.

WIRT. Thanks, dear madam. And Ellen, preserver of my more than life, dare I hope a welcome from thee? Bear with me my friends—my heart is full. After a stern probation, may I not hope? I have dared again to mingle with those whom I feel had almost deemed me irremediably lost—if I now stand in the attitude of a sometime recreant—at least I am a repentant, a redeemed one. Fair one, can you forgive the bitter past, and trust me in the promised future?

ELLEN. Mother, brother, and cherished sister-friend, you can bear testimony that we never doubted the hour would come when he who now sues, could point proudly to his stand for right and truth, and claim forgiveness. Yes, I can, I do trust you.

WIRT. The truant from virtue's path here pledges a life of devotion, too short, if measured to its longest span, to repay the deep debt incurred fair Ellen, by the trusting confidence and noble resolution that saved him from a living death. Mrs. Mortimer, and you whom soon I hope to claim as brother, and sister-friend, your confidence can never be erased from a grateful memory. And now, kind friends, you who have patiently followed the wanderer through his dread temptations, back to virtue and hope—will you not endorse the sentiment, that Woman's Influence, rightly wielded, is the mighty lever that upraises and upholds man's inner nature, above the whirlpools of temptation, sin and misery.

CURTAIN.

SCENE III.—*Private apartment occupied by WIRT, who is dressed for a journey. CHARLES MORDAUNT with him.*

WIRT. I am resolved, my friend, to leave this evening, never to return, until I have redeemed my blurred and spotted name. When I reflect on what a reckless madman I have been, I shrink from meeting the friends who can but look on me with contempt.

CHAS. The man who acknowledges errors past, and profits by experience, deserves and will receive the admiration and respect of every one who understands the true nobility of sincere reform.

WIRT. I grant you reason justly, but he who has seriously and long deviated from moral laws, needs to prove his sincerity of amendment. Some stronger evidence, and more severe test than simple protestation. I will seek, away from the sickening scenes of my moral degradation, some distant field, to build up my physical and regenerate my moral character.

CHAS. Unfold your purpose and destination more fully.

WIRT. Thus far I will: I, it seems have awakened in the few days past from a dread and frightful sleep, and the time late past rising before me like a frightful dream. I see in all its abject horror the moral infamy of the almost living death through which I passed; I fully understand what pain my error gave the friends who loved me—feeling this, I have resolved to forego the bliss of their presence, until I prove by my more than promises, the fixed resolution of my soul to redeem the past, by works, in the future.

CHAS. I partly understand, and if aright, fully approve your determination.

WIRT. All I ask, dear friend, is keep to yourself, for the present, my plan of action, which I will now give you. The public mind is, I think, more fully aroused upon the great subject of human reformation from the curse of intemperance, than it has ever been in the world's history. I have determined to enter the army battling in the holy cause of temperance, devoting my every energy to aid in carrying on the crusade now waged under that banner.

CHAS. God speed your efforts—I am with you in heart. With me the principles enunciated by the friends of temperance, as you know, has been a lesson of life.

WIRT. As stated, I leave this evening on my mission, and hard though the trial, leave without meeting those I love.

CHAS. In a few days I shall start on a northern tour, and having learned your whereabouts, will see you then. Good bye. (*going, R.*)

WIRT. We will walk together. I have several hours ere I leave, and have much to say, yet unsaid. Come. (*They exit, R.*)

END OF ACT FIRST.

—:O:—

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A room in Mrs. MORTIMER's house. MRS. MORTIMER discovered reading L. C. At the rise of the curtain,*

Enter ELLEN, R.

ELLEN. Dear mother, 'tis now six months since Wirt has burst the chains of the demon, drink, and yet he continues to hold himself aloof from his old companions.

MRS. M. I have the morning paper, Ellen. 'Tis filled with unusually interesting matter. I have been reading a stirring account of a grand temperance demonstration in our sister city. Listen. (*reads*)

"The temperance men are seemingly awake to the necessity of decisive action, to arrest the wide-spread evil of intemperance. On "Thursday evening, last, our Masonic hall was filled to its utmost capacity with an audience of both sexes. The vast assembly was held "spe'l-bound, for fully two hours by the matchless eloquence of the

our city, I neared his side, and begged him to come with me, he warmly pressed my hand, wrung it, and said to-morrow I am with you, today is the peoples'. Disappointed I tore away from the maddened throng, and sought the purer presence of these my loved ones.

MRS. MORTIMER Let us retire, our evening repast awaits us, that finished we will together join and invoke the aid of that power that alone can curb and control the erring and misled ones of earth.

(they all exit R. Scene changes to

SCENE II.—*a street. Enter WIRT, L. excited from drinking.*

WIRT Where am I? the giddy people have almost maddened me with their wild applause, from early morn till now the rising morn of another day. I have caroused, shouted, drank, and drank again, until my heated and overcharged brain seems like the burning center of some pent-up volcano! The fell potations are doing their work, my trembling limbs refuse to bear me up—yet I am ripe for any deed however wild; in my ears ring the yells of the people. Aye, shout! shout, again my sapient masters. Ha, ha, ha! I am with you. Liberty—bright goddess, fame—glorious phantom, spread thy charmed circlets o'er and around. Again, again! Shout, shout! for liberty! Ha! my brain reels—more wine, more wine! My throat is parched—wine, wine! glorious wine, that opens wide the golden gates of fame, and ushers in the day-god, glory. Ha, ha! We'll rule, we'll govern and command, for wine, bright wine is our vassal, and liberty our throne. *(reels)* Who'd ask for a finer couch than this—a bed for a king. *(reels and falls, L.*

After a pause, enter MRS. MORTIMER and ELLEN, R.

MRS. M. *(not seeing WIRT)* I learn, my child, from Charles that our unfortunate friend Wirt has not been to his rooms all night. After last night's fearful scene, and our resolution to strive to save him, your brother sought him, to urge him to reform, but could not find him, or hear aught of him.

ELLEN. He may have sought, or by some friend have been taken to some other place. I will not despond—I love him too well, to give up the hope that all will end well. Let us move on and together consult. Heaven directed, something will suggest itself to save him yet. *(As they go left, they see WIRT.)* Ah! who is this? 'Tis he. Tread softly!

(Takes out a handkerchief and gently spreads it over WIRT's face)

MRS. M. *(L.)* Ellen, my child, this is no place for you—come.

ELLEN. Yes, mother, we will go. *(they exit, L. U. E.)*

After a moment's pause WIRT removes the handkerchief from his face and raises himself partially up.

WIRT. Where am I? What,—the open street? Not home all night? I, who but yesterday the people worshipped! Alone, deserted—a common street loafer—a gutter drunkard, exposed upon the public thoroughfare, a mark for the ribald jest of each passer by—no friend to bear me home, no eye to look with pity on my fall. Great God! Can it be possible that I have sunk so low! Why live, why pollute with my despoiled carcass, God's lovely earth: forsaken, deserted—all driven from me by my own suicidal yielding to slavish appetite. *(He stands as if horror struck until finally his gaze becomes riveted upon the handkerchief which he holds in his hand. Reading the name.)* Ha! a name—Ellen Mortimer—that name—her handkerchief upon my face! She has been here—looked on me in my abject misery, pitied and sought to shield me from the vulgar gaze! She did not spurn me as a loathsome reptile! Awake! Arouse thee, William Wirt! There is something to live for. He who is blessed with the deep devotion of a pure and spotless woman's love, cannot, shall not be wholly lost. I will reform. I will turn from the downward course of reckless and eternal ruin. Yes, Ellen, thou shalt see I am not unworthy thy holy love. Then, when by stern probation I stand before the world redeemed, then and not till then, will I seek thy loved presence, and plead to be forgiven. Yes, woman's love has triumphed, and the proud world shall see the victim of despair and degradation, redeemed by the power of woman's love.

(Exit R. Scene changes to

812
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SAVED, OR WOMAN'S INFLUENCE,

A DRAMATIC SKETCH, IN THE LIFE OF WM. WIRT.

SCENE FIRST—Home of Mrs. Mortimer. ELLEN and Mrs. Mortimer seated at table, R.

MRS. M. My dear daughter, I appreciate and feel for your painful position, yet beg of you to hope for the best. It seems impossible that a being gifted with the lofty mind, and hitherto true nobility of character that Wirt possessed can long yield to the fell habit that holds in check his better self.

ELLEN. Yes, mother, you know I fully appreciate his nobler qualities, ere tyrant custom led him from virtue's path, and the seductive and soul-ensnaring vice of intemperance wove its syren meshes 'round his manly heart. I proudly received his proffered love, and gave him in all its freshness the first blush of a fond and trusting heart; and now—memory recalls the happy hour, when he wooed and won me, it seems a dream of mockery—too dread for reality, how a heart so noble could have fallen.

MRS. M. Yes, but still there may be some way of escape for him.

ELLEN 'Tis said woman's influence rightly wielded can accomplish seeming impossibilities, trusting to the spirit of truth for aid, and counsel, no means shall I leave unturned, to save, and win him back to himself, his country and his God!

MRS. M. Your trustful hope, and brave resolution gladdens me, as a mother I feel for, and love him, my best counsel, my most fervent prayers shall be given, though he has yielded to the fell habit to an alarming extent, and shuns your presence deeming himself unworthy. I am satisfied he loves you truly, and you will find he has true and noble friends who still cling to and will aid in his rescue, and even now see one of the truest is here.

Enter CHARLES, L.

MR. M. Welcome dear Charles.

CHARLES (*taking a hand of each*) I have just left a scene where vice seems to lord it uncontrollable, where men are yielding all the high principles of their God, gifted natures to the wild, and maddened folly of the hour, a political gathering. Oh! that our political tricksters and demagogues could be made to understand, and feel the misery and sorrow they cause by the pernicious custom they inaugurate, while dispensing provision in the shape of free drinks to an excited and misguided people. But for this occasional custom many of our ablest, and best (*they sit*) citizens, would be free from a vice that is now crushing out every spark of manhood from their natures.

ELLEN. My proud, noble brother—bless you for those sentiments—speak candidly Charles, you know I have no false pride, no sickly affection. I would ask of one whom you hold, even as a brother, one whom your sister would do all a maiden ought to do to rescue from ruin, in the wild scene you paint, was he an actor?

CHARLES Yes, Wirt was there, his gifted mind, clouded 'tis true, but yet gigantic in its strength, seemed to sway and to rule by the magic of eloquence, the giddy rabble! When I left he had ceased speaking and the surging crowd were bearing him in triumph from the rostrum toward the golden dens of intemperance that sicken and infest

SAVED.

CHARACTERS.

WILLIAM WIRT
CHARLES MORTIMER
MRS. MORTIMER
ELLEN MORTIMER.....
JULIA LACEY.....

COSTUMES—MODERN.

S A V E D,

A TEMPERANCE SKETCH,

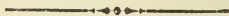
IN ONE ACT,

BY

Edwin Tardy

WITH A DESCRIPTION OF COSTUMES, CAST OF THE CHARACTERS,
RELATIVE POSITION OF PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, ENTRANCES
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17	3	1	139	Quiet Family	4	4
31	4	2	171	Rough Diamond	4	4
41	3	3	180	Raffles	4	0
120	3	1	48	Scholarship	1	1
130	3	1	138	Sewing Circle of Period	0	5
140	3	2	115	S. H. A. M. P. naforel	3	3
150	2	2	55	Somebody's Nobody	3	2
155	5	2	243	Sports on a Lark	3	0
160	4	2	222	Snake Struck Yankee	4	2
170	3	3	238	Strawberry Shortcake	2	0
180	3	0	137	Taking the Census	1	1
190	4	4	40	The Mysterious B'dle	2	2
200	1	1	245	Ticket Taker	3	0
210	5	1	88	The Bewitched Closet	5	2
220	4	3	131	The Cigarette	4	2
230	1	1	101	The Coming Man	3	1
240	3	0	167	Turn Him Out	3	2
250	3	0	68	The Sham Professor	4	0
260	3	1	54	The Two T. J.'s	4	2
270	4	0	23	The Best Cure	4	1
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450	4	3	222	Colored Senators	3	0
460	1	1	214	Chops	3	0
470	2	2	145	Cuff's Luck	2	1
480	3	0	180	Crimps Trip	5	0
490	3	0	249	Double Election	9	1
500	1	1	27	Fetter Lane to Gravesend	2	0
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530	6	1	24	Handy Andy	2	0
540	7	4	231	Hypochondriac The	2	0
550	1	1	247	Incompatibility of Temper	1	2
560	4	3	77	Joe's Visit	2	1
570	4	4	88	Mischivous Nigger	4	2
580	4	3	256	Midnight Comic	2	1
590	4	1	128	Musical Parkey	2	0
600	0	1	259	Nobody's Moke	5	2
610	1	2	90	No Cure No Pay	3	1
620	3	0	61	Not as Deaf as He Seems	3	0
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